

A pleasant new Ballad of the Miller of Mansfield, in Sherwood and of King Henry the second,
and how he was lodged in the Millers house, and of their pleasant communication.
To the Tune of, *The French Lavolta.*

Henry our royall King would ride a hunting,
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire,
To have the hart chased and daintie Does tripping,
Unto merry Sherwood his Nobles repaire:
Hawk and hound was unbound, all things prepar'd
For the same to the game, with good reard.
All a long Summers day, rode the King pleasantly,
With all his Princes and Nobles each one,
Chasing the Hart and Hinde, and the Buck gallantly,
Till the darke evening enforced them turne home:
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite,
All his Lords in the wood, late in darke night,
Mandring thus wearily all alone up and downe,
With a rude Miller he met at the last,
Asking the ready way unto faire Pottingham,
Sir (quoth the Miller) your way you have lost,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, truth for to say,
You doe not likely ride out of your way,
Why what dost thou thinke of me, quoth our King merrily
Passing thy iudgement upon me so bricfe?
Good faith (quoth the Miller) I meannot to flatter thee,
I ghesse thee to be but some Gentleman thiese:
Stand thee backe in the dark light thee not downe,
Lest that I presently cracke thy knaves crowne.
Thou dost abuse me much (quoth our King) saying thus
I am a Gentleman, and lodging I lacke:
Thou hast not (quoth the Miller) one groat in thy purse,
All thy inheritance hangs on thy backe:
I have gold to discharge all that I call,
If it be forty pence I will pay all.
If thou beest a true man, then (said the Miller)
I sweare by my sole-bish I le lodge thee all night,
Here's my hand (quoth our King) that was I eber,
Pay soft (quoth the Miller) thou maist be a spright:
better I le know thee ere hands I doe shake,
With none but honest men hands will I take.
Thus they went all along unto the Millers house,
Where they were feeding of puddings and soule,
The Miller first entred in, then after him the King,
Eber came he in so lively a house:
now (quoth he) let me see, here what you are,
quoth our King looke your fill and doe not spare,
I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face,
With my sonne Richard this night thou shalt lye,
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,
Not it is best (quoth his wife) for to deale warily,
art not a run away I pray thee youth tell,
He to me thy Pasport and all shall be well,
Then our King presently making low courtesie,
With his hat in his hand, thus he did say,
I have no Pasport, ne; never was serbitour,
But a poore Courtier rode out of my way,
and for your kindnesse here offered to me,
I will requite it in every degree.
Then to the Miller his wife whispered secretly,
Saying it seemeth this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparell, and eke by his manners,
To turne him out certainly it were a great shame:
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When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Tell quoth the Millers wife) young man welcome here,
And though I say it, well long'st thou shalt be:
Fresh straw I will have laid on your bed to lye,
Good bryenne hempen sheetes likewise (quoth she)
I (quoth the good man) and when that is done,
you shall lye with no worse than our owne sonne,
Pay first quoth Richard, good fellow tell me true,
Hast any creepers within thy gay hose?
art thou not troubled with the scabado?
I pray you (quoth the King) what things are these?
art thou not lothe, nor scabby (quoth he)
If thou beest surely thou leest not with me.
This caus'd the King suddenly to laugh most heartily,
Till the teares trickled downe from his eyes,
Then to their supper were they set orderly,
With a hot bag-pudding and good apple pie:
nappale, good and stale, in a bryenne bottle:
whichoid about the boord merrily trowle.
Here (quoth the Miller) good fellow I drinke to thee,
And to all the Courtiers that courteous be,
I pledge (quoth our King) and thanke you heartily,
For your good welcome in every degree:
and here in like manner I le drinke to your sonne,
Doe so (quoth Richard) but quicke let it come.
Wife (quoth the Miller) fetch me forth light-foot,
That we of his sweetnesse a little may taste,
A faire Wenslon perry then brought she forth presently,
Eat e (quoth the Miller) but sir make no waste:
here's dainty light-foot in faith then said our King,
I never before ate so dainty a thing.
I wis (said Richard) no dainty at all it is,
For we doe eat of it every day,
In what place (said our King) may be bought like this,
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Then I thinke (said our King) that it is Wenslon,
Each soke, said Richard, full well may see that,
Never are we without two or three in the roost,
Very well fished and excellent fat:
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Doubt not then, said our King, my promised serrey,
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As he was mounting upon his faire steed, (said
To whom they came presently, falling downe on their
Which made the Millers heart wofully bleed:
Making and quaking before him he stood,
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The King perceivng him fearefull and trembling,
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The second part of the Miller and the King: Shewing how he came to the Court with his wife and Sonne: and what merry conceits passed between the King and him.

When as our Noble King came home from Pottling:
And with his Nobles in Westminster lay, (hans)
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had tane,
In this late progresse along by the way:
Of them all, great and small, this did he profess,
The Miller of Mansfieldes sport liked him best.
And now my Lords quoth the King I am determined
Against Saint Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old Miller our last confirmed knight,
With his sonne Richard shall both be my guest,
For in this merriment 'tis my desire,
To talke with the folly Knight and the brave Squire.

When as the Nobles saw the Kings pleasantnes,
They were right ioyfull and glad in their hearts,
A Purk-bent their was in it strait on the businesse,
The which had many times bene in those parts,
When he came to the place where he did dwell,
His message orderly then he did tell.

God save your worship then said the Messenger,
And grant your Lady her hearts desire:
And to your son Richard good fortune and happinesse,
That sweet yong Gentleman and gallant yong Squire
Our King greets you all and thus he doth say,
You must come to the Court on S. Georges day.

Therefore in any case, faile not to be in place,
I wis (quoth the Miller) this is one odde test, (leas)
What should he doe there he said, faith I am halfe a-
I doubt quoth Richard be hang'd at the least:
nay quoth the Messenger you doe mistake,
our King prepares a great feast for your sake.

Then said the Miller now by my troth Messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshipfull well,
Hold here's thye farthings to quit thy great gentlenes
For these happy tydings which thou dost me tell:
let me see hear it thou she, tell to our King,
we'll wait on his masterhip in every thing.

The Purk-bent smiled at their simplicity,
And making many legs tooke their reward,
And taking then his leave with great humility,
To the Kings Court, againe he repair'd,
Shewing unto his Grace in each degree,
The Knights most liberall gift and bounty.

When as he was gone a way, thus did the Miller say,
Here comes expences and charges indeed, (habe)
How we must needs be byrde, though we spend all we
For of new garments we have great need,
of hoes and serbingmen we must have more,
with bydles and sadles and twenty things more,
Tush sir (John qu. his wife) neither do fret nor frowne
You shall be at no more charges for me:

For I will turne and trim up my old Kussel gone,
With every thing as fine as may be:
and on our self hoesfull stollit we will ride,
with pilloves and pannels as we shall provide,
In this most stately sort, rode they unto the Court,
Their lusty sonne Richard for most of all:
Whose up by good hap, a Cocks feather in his Cap,
And so they rested downe towards the Kings Hall,
The merry old Miller with his hand on his side,
his wife like Maid-marrion did mince at that tide.

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FINIS.

The King and his Nobles, that heard of their coming
Meeting this gallant Knight with his brave traine,
Welcome sir Knight (qu. he) with this your gay Lady,
Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
and so in this Squire of courage so free,
quoth Dicke abots on you, doe you know me?

Quoth our King gently, how should I forget thee,
Thou wast mine owne bedfellow well that I wot,
But I doe thinke on a tricke tell me that pretthe Dicke
How we with farting did make the bed hot,
thou who son happy knave, then quoth the Knight,
speake cleanly to our King, or else goe white.

The King and his Counsellors heartily laught at this,
While the King tooke them both by the hand,
With Ladies & their maids, like to the Queen of spades,
The Millers wife did so orderly stand,
a milke-maids courtesie at every word,
and downe the folks were set at the side board,
Where the King Royally, in princely state,
Sat at his dinner with ioy and delight:

When he had eaten well, to testing then they fell,
Taking a bowle of wine dranke to the Knight,
here's to you both he said, in wine ale and bere,
thanking you all for your Countrey chere.

Quoth sir John Cockle I le pledge you a pottle,
Where is the best ale in Potttingham-shire,
But then said our King, I thinke of a thing,
Some of your light-foot I would we had here:
ho, ho, quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
tis knavery to eat it and then to be woy it.

Why art thou angry quoth our King merrily:
In faith I take it very unkind,
I thought thou wouldst pledg me in ale & wine heartily
You are like to stay, quoth Dicke, till I have dinde:
you fed us with twasting dishes so small.

Zounds a blake pudding so better than all,
I marry, quoth our King, that were a daintie thing,
If a man could get one here for to eate, (hold)
With that Dicke straight arose, & pluckt one out of his
Which with heat of his brech began to sweat:

the King made proffer to snatch it away,
'tis meat for your Master, good sir you must stay.
Thus with great merriment, was the time wholly spent
And then the Ladies prepared to dance.

Old sir John Cockle and Richard incontinent,
Unto this practice the King did advance:
here with the Ladies, such sport they did make,
the Nobles with laughing did make their hearts ache

Many thanks for their pains did the King give them then,
Asking yong Richard if he would wed,
Amongst these Ladies free, tell me which liketh thee,
Quoth he, Judge Grumball with the red head:

She's my Love, she's my life, she will I wed,
she hath sworne I shall have her maiden-head.
Then sir John Cockle, the King called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him Oberier,

And gave him out of hand, three hundred pound pearly,
But now take heed you stole no more of my Deere,
and once a quarter let's here have your blew,
and thus sir John Cockle I bid you adieu.

FINIS.